

A
N E W
B A L L A D.

To the Tune of, *London is a fine Town, &c.*



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. SMITH near the *Exchange*.
M D C C X X V I.

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Jan. 18, 1926

W E N
B A L L A D

To the Tune of "The Swan" in the "Swan Song"



L O W D O W

Printed for J. S. [illegible] near the [illegible]

M D C C X V I

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *London is a fine Town, &c.*

I.



Y Lord M—r and his A—n and C—n
C—l too,

To compliment our gracious K—g wou'd to
St. J—s go:

[gay,
Their Horses spruce, their Coaches wash'd, their Cloaths were fresh and
You scarce shall see a prettier Sight upon a Summer's Day.

O London is a fine Town, and a gallant City, &c.

II.

Some went to kiss their Liege's hands, and show themselves so fine,
While others Fancies more were set on Jaw-work and on Wine:
Some went for fear the Courtiers free shou'd think their honour slighted,
And others some they staid away for fear they should be knighted.

O London is, &c.

III. A

III.

A solemn Vow they to the King of Lives and Fortunes make,
 That they wou'd Pudding leave, and Beef and Custard for his sake :
 Their Hearts brim-full of Love to Crowns and Loyalty so new,
 A stranger Story ne'er was heard, I wish it may be true.

O London is, &c.

IV.

The Courtiers they did leap and skip such joyful News to hear,
 And strait resolved to make amends with store of Royal Cheer :
 Of curious Dishes many a Course with foreign Names they get,
 That ne'er at Feast of May'r or Sheriff were seen or heard of yet.

O London is, &c.

V.

The K—— with Sword in Friendship drawn his Guests to welcome
 That they who thither came with none may go with Honour back :
 He staid till Dinner it was done, and then with Conduct great,
 Before the Field was desperate quite he made a safe Retreat.

O London is, &c.

VI.

Now Royal healths in rank and file, full thick and threefold come,
 No flinching from the charge, the Word was *Supernaculum* :
 Tho' scarcely they till five began, so dreadful was the Shock,
 That many a sturdy *Briton* bold was slain by six a Clock.

O London is, &c.

VII. For

VII.

For Pipes by Gross, and Wine by Ton, they call'd with might and main,
 They smoak'd and drank, and drank and spew'd, and spew'd and drank
 If ever there was Truth at Court, 'twas then without all doubt, ^[again:]
 For would you know a Courtier's heart, why turn him inside out.

O London is, &c.

VIII.

The L---d who shou'd have order kept, no order could maintain,
 Nor hold his Post, because he found a swimming in his Brain:
 Nor cou'd the S---y, since in Wine his Sense was drown'd,
 Speak one wise Word wou'd you have lain his G--- a thousand Pound.

O London is, &c.

IX.

When Wine was in and Wit was out to Frolicks they advance,
 The Cits and Nobles changed their Cloaths, the Quaker he did dance:
 Some Heroes on the Table got and Victory did crow,
 While down among the dead Men more were forced to lie below.

O London is, &c.

X.

Now Wine like Death a Leveller of great and small we see,
 The Dukes of high renown lay strow'd with 'Squires of low degree;
 The Common-Council-men were rowl'd with Peers of Council-board;
 The Lords were drunk like any King, the Cits like any Lord.

O London is, &c.

XI. My

XI.

My L—d he took a Glas in hand that held a Pint or more,
 To give a proof of his strong Brain he ne'er had done before:
 He drank it off to the King's health, altho' it was so deep,
 Then bid them draw the Curtains close, for he wou'd go to sleep.

O London is, &c.

XII.

Your Politicks and healths of State at length were out of doors,
 From King and Kingdom they came down to Sweethearts and to Whores:
 Whatever Health was nam'd went round, the Pledgers did it reason,
 For they had left their Wives at home, and Bawdy was no Treason.

O London is, &c.

XIII.

The S—d—b—r by Office would before his L—p go,
 But that his Sword he cou'd not find; his Way he did not know:
 He stumbled, nay he fell, whereby this Moral is convey'd,
 That now and then a false Step is by City Justice made.

O London is, &c.

XIV.

Those who had Coaches back were drove to *London* where they dwell,
 But that till the next Day at Noon not one of them cou'd tell:
 And 'twas a Mercy great that Night, they could in Coaches ride,
 For not a Man cou'd sit a Horse unless he had been ty'd.

O London is, &c.

XV. Sir

XV.

Sir F—— tumbled off the Seat, and at the bottom lay,
 The Coachman stared and thought some Rogue had stoln the Knight [away :
 To some the Watchmen came with lights, their Faces for to shew,
 To try who knew the poor dumb things or where they were to go.

O London is, &c.

XVI.

No Business cou'd be done next Day, they all such Ailment had,
 Sir J---n himself confest with grief the sitting Members bad :
 Nor Hosts, nor Guest, 'tis thought, can e're with sober Sense proceed,
 Unless the Court it takes a purge, the City it doth bleed.

O London is, &c.

XVII.

No more, ye *Londoners*, go on your Betters to abuse,
 Or say, the Court debauches all, its Manners are so loose :
 For never at St. *James's* yet was seen such pretty Sport,
 Till Citizens from *London* Town went to debauch the Court.

O London is, &c.

F I N I S.



.VY

To my who knew the poor and things which they were to do.
To some the Westminster with light, their faces for to show.
The Cardinal (first) and thought some Rogues had stole the Knight
[away: —] — remained off the day, and as the bottom day.

0.1 molar in 0.2

IVX

Unless the Court is taken by surprise, the City is dead.

0.1 molar in 2.5

IVY

The Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Middlesex, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original of the same as the same is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Middlesex.

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